tagem to ſhoot a troupe of horſe with fell,& when I haue ſtole vpon theſe ſonne in lawes, then kill,kill,kill,kill,kill,kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him ſirs, your moſt deere—

Lear. No reskue,what a priſoner,I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune, vſe me well you ſhall haue ranſome, let mee haue a chirgion I am cut to the braines.

Gent, You ſhall haue any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds, all my ſelfe; why this would make a man of ſalt to vſe his eyes for garden waterpots, I,and laying Autums duſt.

Lear. I will die brauely like a bridegroome, what ?I will be Iouiall, come, come, I am a King my maiſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life int, nay and you get it you ſhall get it with running. *Exit King running.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pitifull in the meaneſt wretch, paſt ſpeaking of in a king: thou haſt one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curſe which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle ſir.

Gent. Sir ſpeed you, whats your will.

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward.

Gent. Moſt ſure and vulgar,euery one here's that That can diſtinguiſh ſence.

Edg. But by your fauour how neers the other army?

Gent. Neere and on ſpeed fort the maine deſcryes, Standſt on the howerly thoughts.

Edg. I thanke you ſir thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queene on ſpeciall cauſe is here, Hir army is moued on. *Edg.* I thanke you ſir. *Exit.*

Gloſt. You euer gentle gods take my breath from me, Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me againe, To dye before you pleaſe. *Edg.* Well, pray you father.

Gloſt. Now good ſir what are you?

Edg. A moſt poore man made lame by Fortunes blowes, Who by the Art of knowne and feeling ſorrowes Am pregnant to good pitty, giue me your hand Ile leade you to ſome biding.

Gloſt.

Gloſt. Hartie thankes, the bounty a
to boot, to boot.

Stew. A proclamed prize,moſt hap
was firſt framed fleſh to rayſe my for
traytor briefly thy ſelfe remember,
deſtroy thee.

Gloſt. Now let thy friendly hand p

Stew. VVherefore bould peſant du
traytor;hence leaſt the infection of hi
thee, let goe his arme.

Edg. Chill not let goe ſir without c

Stew. Let goe ſlaue, or thou dieſt,

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your g
and chud haue beene ſwaggar'd out c
beene ſo long by a vortnight, nay co
keepe out cheuore ye,or ile trie whet
be the harder, ile be plaine with you.

Stew. Out dunghill.

Edg. Chill pick your teeth ſir,com

Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me, v
If euer thou wilt thriue, burie my bo
And giue the letters which thou find
To *Edmund* Earle of *Gloſter*,ſeeke h
The *Britiſh* partie, ô vntimely deat

Edg. I know thee well, a ſeruice
As dutious to the vices of thy miſtre

Gloſt. What is he dead ?

Edg. Sit you down father,reſt you
Theſe letters that he ſpeakes of,may
Hee's dead,I am only ſorrow he had
Let vs ſee;leaue gentle waxe,and ma
To know our enemies minds,wee'd
Their papers is more lawfull.

Let your reciprocall vowes bee r
opportunities to cut him off,if your
will be fruitfully offered; there is no
conquerour then am I the priſoner
the lothed warmth whereof deliuer

K

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